







## FATHER MARQUETTE.

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From a photograph of a very fine painting owned by Mr. P. J. Murray of St Ignace. The painting is by Wm. W. Gibbs, and is a copy of an original painting said to be at Montreal, Canada.

# FATHER MARQUETTE.

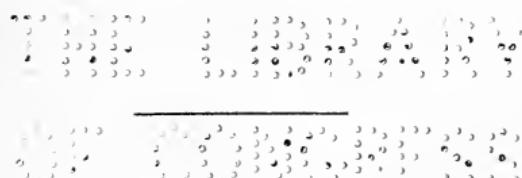
JESUIT MISSIONARY AND EXPLORER. THE  
DISCOVERER OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

HIS PLACE OF BURIAL AT ST. IGNACE  
MICHIGAN.

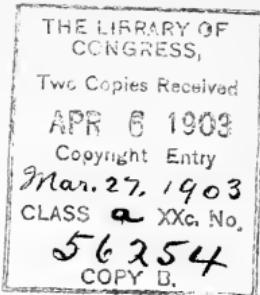
BY  
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WITH AN INTRODUCTION

BY  
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## INTRODUCTION.

*In the annals of American chivalry no deeds of prowess and self-sacrifice are more heroic than those of the gentle Marquette.*

*Fitted by nature for great enterprises, he was unselfish enough to be content with obscure and with somewhat commonplace tasks, performing even these with such fidelity and devotion as to merit distinction. Many missionaries labored for the Ottawas, but he alone deserved the title of "their Angel." Never neglecting the work in hand, his zeal made him constantly dream of opening up new fields for the evangelical harvest, and but few dreamers have had either his opportunity or courage to make their dream a reality. His*

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*life shows a singular disregard of his personal advantage. He had too great an estimate of the results of his work to emphasize, much less to magnify, his own share in accomplishing it. Ever considerate of others, the last entry in his diary was a word of sympathy for his suffering companions, but nothing about himself. It is to this consideration we owe the careful record of his explorations, and it is little wonder that we should be disposed to welcome each new tribute to the greatness of one who, heedless of what glory he might reap from his discovery, regarded it only in the light of an advantage for the souls he might save, and for the generations to come who would profit by his hardships.*

*In preparing this monograph on the burial-place of the discoverer of the Mississippi the author, Father Hedges, has done a distinct service*

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*to everyone who is interested in Father Marquette—what American is not? To the accuracy of a careful reader of Marquette literature he adds the charm of writing from personal observation; he has brought together what the latest and, in all other respects, thorough, biographies of Thwaites and Hamy have recorded but scantily, or omitted entirely; and not content with compiling the researches and views of others, he has given us the benefit of his own convictions in a way that compels us to make them our own.*

*In all that has been written about Marquette, there is nothing more eloquent than the concluding pages of this book, and yet we venture to question the sentiment there so nobly uttered. If the author's own admiration and veneration for the worth, nobility of character, unselfishness,*

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*self-sacrifice, and unswerving devotion to duty of Father Marquette are so strong that he must necessarily express them in this essay, he must not wonder if others, too, should feel impelled—those who read his own valuable book will not easily resist the impulse—to express in their own way their admiration and veneration for Father Marquette. It is on tributes like Father Hedges' that we may confidently base our hopes that the day is not far distant when our national disposition to honor what is most heroic in the lives of our American pioneers shall at last lead us to accord to Marquette the place that is awaiting his statue in the National Capitol.*

JOHN J. WYNNE, S.J.

NEW YORK,  
March 9th, 1903.





MARQUETTE'S CHALICE.

**FATHER MARQUETTE.**

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**MARQUETTE'S CHALICE.**

The chalice is of gold and very beautifully wrought by hand. It is preserved at the Parish Church in St. Ignace, Michigan. Tradition says that the chalice is the one used by Father Marquette and kept from destruction by the Christian Indians when the old Mission Church was burned. By long service the cup has been worn through, so that the chalice can not now be used.



# I

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THE Great Lakes, whether in storm or calm, are always attractive, always beautiful, always mysterious; great inland seas—crossed and recrossed night and day by many thousands of vessels laden with iron and coal and lumber and pleasure-seekers. Old fashioned sail ships now and then appear, looking strangely out of place alongside of the great iron barge of steam—yet stately and beautiful—having an old world look in their leisure pace

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—a kind of quiet dignity as they move slowly along. Yet this contrast of the sailing ship with the swift modern steam ship is no stronger than the contrast between the sailing ship and the first boat of these waters—the Indian canoe. But when we come to consider the greatest voyage ever made along the shores and across the bays of these waters—greatest because of its all but insurmountable dangers and hardships; greatest, because of the men who made it; greatest because of the object and result of it—our admiration deepens to awe to think that it was in a birch bark canoe that the voyage was made. From Mission St. Ignace to where the Arkansas flows into the Mississippi and back again—across unknown waters of Lakes, up and down unknown rivers;

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through and along dark and unknown forests; among unknown and savage men—surely this voyage of discovery had only one greater than itself—the one made by Columbus.

To visit Mission St. Ignace to-day, no matter at what point in the United States you may be, is an easy trip—for you have swift going express trains by land, and palatial and swift steamers by water; and less than a week suffices to cross the continent in any direction. If you are here in New Jersey a trip up the Hudson to the Capital, on to Buffalo, and then through Lake Erie to Cleveland, and then across the Lake to Detroit—and in and out, and through the rivers to Lake Huron, and then at last across the straits of Mackinac and very speedily and comfortably—you

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are landed at the village of St. Ignace, where was Mission St. Ignace from which Marquette set forth to find the great river and to tell the world of the mighty waters flowing down to the sea. You will not find much at the end of your voyage to remind you of Marquette, or Mission St. Ignace, or to record the fact that from this point set forth two of the stoutest hearts that ever beat in the breasts of men—on a voyage so wonderful that its very wonderfulness has made it little noted by men. Nor will you meet many who know much of Marquette or Mission St. Ignace—for the very site of it and the resting place of the sainted body of the great discoverer were lost to all knowledge of men for over a hundred years, and only a happy accident dis-

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covered them. So let us tell again the story of Marquette, ever wonderful, ever interesting, if only to add a chapter on the place of his burial, and to record, if we may humbly do so, some historic facts that the world should know of how his grave was found and where it is. The data for this new chapter is meagre indeed, but such as the facts are, we shall set them forth, as best we may.

## II.

### FATHER MARQUETTE.

FATHER MARQUETTE was born in France in the city of Laon, department of the Aisne.\* He was the son of Nicholas Marquette and Rose de la Salle. He was born June 1st, 1637. He was the sixth and last child of his parents. His biographers tell us that his family was one of distinction and

\* M. Alfred Hamy in his recent work on Marquette "Au Mississippi" (Champion, Paris, 1903) gives the following facts collected from the Catalogues of the Jesuit province of Champagne: "Marquette Jacobus, Laundunensis, Natus 1 die Junii 1637: ingressus in societatem, 8 Octobris 1654 Nancae; vota coadjutorum spiritualium emisit, 2 Julii 1671, in Canada, ad Sanctae Mariae Saltum Algonquinorum. Studuit philoso-

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wealth and if not bearing any title of nobility directly in the male line of descent, yet it was allied by marriage to those who were ennobled. Be this as it may, it is certain that the Mar-

phiae Mussiponti (1656-1659); Remis, magister quintae et quartae (1659-61); Carolopoli, magister tertiae (1661-63); Lingonis, magister tertiae (1663-64); Mussiponti, magister humanitatem (1664-65); Mussiponti, re legit philosophiam et studet theologiae morali (1665-66). Advenit Quebeci, 20 Septembris 1666. Vita functus 18 vel 19 Maii 1675."

### TRANSLATION.

"James Marquette, born at Laon, June 1st 1637. Entered the Jesuit Order at Nancy, October 8th, 1654. Made his vows of spiritual coajutorship at Sault St. Marie, Canada, July 2d 1671. Studied philosophy at Pont à Mousson 1656-59. Professor of Fourth and Fifth Grammar at Reims 1659-61. Professor of Third Grammar at Charleville 1661-63. Professor of Third Grammar at Lanqres 1663-64. Professor of Humanities at Pont à Mousson 1664-65. Reviewed his philosophy and read moral Theology at Pont à Mousson 1665-66. Came to Quebec, September 20th 1666. Died the 18th or 19th May 1675."

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quettes held offices of distinction and trust under the Crown, were men of importance in their own city and province, and were rewarded for services rendered the state. So the boy, Jacques Marquette, had the advantages of cultured environment and of education, such as the ample means of his father could and did afford him. His vocation to the religious life and the holy priesthood came to him early in his life. He had passed his seventeenth birthday, when on Oct. 8th, he entered the Jesuit College at Nancy as a novice. We get glimpses of him at Pont-à-Mousson and at Rheims and at Charleville and at Langres. His, doubtless, was the life of the Jesuit scholastic of his days, as of all days since the foundation of the great order. Hours of

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prayer and meditation, longer hours of teaching, still longer hours of deep and profound study, which has made the Jesuit what he is—a man of saintly character, of accurate learning and distinguished culture. We are told of his fine mind, his aptness for languages, his zeal in study, his advancement in piety ;—and this is about the sum of his life up to the year 1666, when he received with much joy the order of his superior to proceed to Canada, then termed New France. Of all that band of noble Jesuit missionaries—and the list of them is long and brilliant with the names of men who did great things for God and religion—Allouez, the Lalements, Jogues, Druillettes, Dablon, Garnier, René Goupil, Du Thet, Breboeuf, Ghabanel, Le Jeune, Ménard,

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Chaumonot, Massé, Biard, Garreau—none more gentle, none more saintly, none more capable, none more aflame with the fire of religious zeal, none more awake to the great opportunities of great things to be done for civilization than Father Marquette. He arrived in Canada at Quebec, Sept. 20th, 1666; and in October of the same year, he was sent to Three Rivers, to Father Druillettes, to begin the study of the Indian languages and to obtain some insight of the life of a missionary. Quebec and Three Rivers were only frontier settlements in those days, not much more than mere trading posts filled with rough men of a rough life. “The strenuous life” is a catch expression of to-day; but indeed it well describes the life of a Jesuit in the wilds

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of Canada in the year of our Lord, 1666. Into this strenuous life Marquette plunged with an ardor, born of his zeal and youth. How strange and novel must have been the scenes that surrounded him, accustomed as he had been to the elegant refinement and exquisite culture of the France of his day! France contrasted with Canada must have given the young priest much food for long thoughts; but then likely enough his thoughts were seldom on France, but were poured out on this new and strange world to which he had earnestly asked God in his day prayers and night prayers to send him—if, indeed, he might be worthy to bear the tidings of great joy to a new and savage people. The motto of his great order, “*Ad Majoram Dei Glor-*

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iam," must have served him as some consolation and encouragement, when he settled down in the log house of Father Druillettes, to master a rude and barbarous language in order that he might preach Christ, and Christ Crucified, to a people ruder and more barbarous than their language. Two years he spent with Druillettes, years of hard study and harder life, for, doubtless, he was up the river, and afar into forests, drilling, as it were, for the actual warfare of mission-life to come.

### III.

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IT was in April, 1668, that Father Marquette actually set out for his field of missionary labor among the Ottawas. He, with several others, left Quebec in that month, for Montreal ; and from there, journeyed to the “Sault,” the headquarters of the Society for mission work.

Sault de Sainte Marie is the name given to rapids, where Lake Superior begins to pour out its burden of waters towards Lake Huron, whose final outlet is at Detroit. The “Sault,” in Marquette’s day, was a busy place,

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for here came many Indians to trade and to fish, and here too came many white men to trade in furs, and here also was the mission St. Mary, the headquarters of the Fathers laboring among the Ottawas. By the term Ottawas was designated the Indian tribes Chippewas, Beavers, Creeks, Ottawas, Hurons, Menomonees, Pottawatomies, Sacs, Foxes, Winnebagoes, Miamis, Illinois and the Sioux. Along the shores of Lake Superior and Lake Huron, through the woods of Michigan and Wisconsin, along the banks of the rivers were scattered these tribes and to them the Jesuits ministered, and to them the trader ventured. The Sault de Ste. Marie was the heart, as it were, of all this activity, the place whence they set out and to which they re-

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turned, the place which was linked to civilization—to Quebec and Montreal—albeit the linking was by the route along the shore of Lake Huron and the banks of the Mattawan, Ottawa and the St. Lawrence. The “Soo” of to-day is still a busy place, where the great locks are, that make continuous travel by water possible from Buffalo to Duluth. Many ships pass in the day and in the night, and all day and all night, the very scenes of this early Jesuit mission. It is the trade and barter of 1600, between a few Indian tribes and a handful of white men developed into the vast trade and barter of 1900. The Jesuit is still there amidst the scenes of this newer and greater activity, his modest church standing in the midst of the beautiful little city, and he

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preaches as did Marquette to pale-face and red-man. There is a Father Garnier there to-day, as there was a Father Garnier in 1699.—And like the Jesuit of those long years ago, this good Father wanders along the shores of the bays—and does missionary work among the poor remnants of the great Indian tribes, half-breeds now for the most part, preaching to them, and instructing them in their own language.

Marquette went from Mission Sault Ste. Marie to Mission La Pointe on Lake Superior on Chequamegon Bay, where he arrived Sept. 14th., 1669. Here it was that Marquette labored till the mission was abandoned in 1671. It is not our purpose, in writing this account, to go into detail, nor is it needful. Parkman, Shea, and Thaites,

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Dr. Sparks, Alfred Hamy and the ever interesting "Retaliouss" give all that can be known of mission La Pointe and the reasons why it was abandoned—the Hurons fleeing from their dreaded foe, the Sioux.

We have undertaken very briefly to tell anew the story of Marquette, in order to lead up to the real object of undertaking it at all; to set forth what facts we have in hand concerning the discovery of Marquette's grave, and to prove that the modest marble shaft in Marquette Park, St. Ignace, Michigan, really marks the final resting-place of the great missionary.

## IV.

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THERE is something pathetic in the history of the abandonment of any great enterprise, nor is the record of the abandonment of Mission La Pointe without its pathos. The Sioux had declared war with the Hurons. For the Hurons to have accepted the challenge would have meant their utter destruction. There was left then only flight to the South and remembering their old home at Michillimackinac, thither they determined to go and thither went with them, Marquette.

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There can be little doubt that the Blackrobe sat in their council circle, and took part in their deliberations, which determined their flight, though he likely could not have foreseen that this flight meant the abandonment of the mission field of Lake Superior for over a hundred years.

Back they wandered, a flotilla of canoes, containing many families of the two tribes, the Hurons and the Ottawas and such belongings as savages take with them. Among them was the canoe of Marquette and perhaps two or more pack canoes of his, holding the outfit of the mission Chapel. What a strange journey for a trained European scholar, a gentleman of France, albeit a holy Jesuit missionary ! They passed Mission Sault Ste. Marie in their flight

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downward and there Marquette must have met Druillettes, who was then in charge of the Sault. The stay of the wanderers at best was short, for the trip which we now make in a few hours took many days of hard paddling. But to see and converse with Father Druillettes, in his own language, to be consoled and sustained by the holy Sacrament of Penance, to hear what word he might of the other Fathers and their work, to get some new word of the great river of whose discovery he had begun to dream while at La Pointe, surely all this was a joy to Marquette.

In time they went on down the river,—those of you who have made the trip from the “Soo” to Mackinac Island know the exquisite beauty of

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every mile of that stretch of water which connects Lake Superior with Lake Huron, which is called St. Mary's River—till they came to its mouth. Here the Ottawas left the Hurons, going eastward, but the Hurons kept on toward Michillimackinac, the Mackinac Island of our day.

They were bound for Mission St. Ignace. Now, whether this mission was the first established on the island, and afterwards moved to the mainland, we have no means of telling, save by conjecture. This we do know for certain, that it was established on the mainland eventually, across the straits from Mackinac Island and on the shore of Moran Bay, and that here Marquette built a log Church and his own place of dwelling. But, there is no profit in

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conjecturing whether the mission was first established on the island and afterwards removed to the mainland, nor need to do so. We have heard residents of the Island and residents of St. Ignace dispute and wax warm in argument over the matter, just as if there was not glory enough in the fact that Marquette was at both the one place and the other. It was past mid-summer, of that year, when the refugees landed on the shores of Moran Bay and Marquette was soon busy with the affairs of his mission, establishing his people, instructing them and ministering to the very old and the very young, for the babes he could baptize to Christ and he could give the same holy rite to those about to depart this life. Here was his new home and new



Marquette instructing the Savage.



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field of labor ; from here he was to go forth on that great voyage of discovery which has made him famous among the world's great ones.

V.

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MISSION ST. IGNACE, and all that concerns it, is of great interest to us, because Marquette personally established it. There may have been a mission post on Mackinac Island before Marquette arrived, but his wandering Hurons finally took up their abode on the mainland and there Marquette accompanied them. The Chapel built there must have been erected under Marquette's direction. From here he set out to discover the Mississippi. To Mission St. Ignace he struggled hard to return, when death was upon him.

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Here the Indians brought his body for final burial. Mission St. Ignace endures to this very day, and the dust of his bones is mingled with the earth of the shore of Moran Bay, where first he landed, when he came to establish this missionary post. By the time he had fully established Mission St. Ignace he had gained by experience that knowledge which equipped him as a full fledged missionary—a knowledge of the Indian traits and character—perfection in speaking the different Indian languages, for he had a knowledge of six different dialects. His geographical knowledge had been perfected by observation and study and map-making. He had that larger knowledge which comes by actual experience of travel and observation, for he was up and down

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the lake shores and across the straits, and it is only a mile or so across the tongue of the peninsula from Moran Bay, in Lake Huron to Little Moran Bay in Lake Michigan. Here there are high lands on which you may stand and see both the Great Lakes and their islands and bays and the straits that connect them. However busy he may have been with his work proper instructing, ministering the rites of religion, Mass and Office—he was busy too in the woods and on the lake in his canoe, perfecting his knowledge of boating, of hunting, of fishing, of forestry, of botany, of geology, of mineralogy—for the Jesuit missionary of those days, though by force of circumstances a woodsman and fur-trader, capable of taking care of himself and

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maintaining himself even if alone in the forests or on the Lakes, was also a scholar and student. Like the red men about the mission, they came to be the keenest observers of nature ; and earth and sky and woods and water was their library—their books so to speak—in which they read night and day. Take for instance the phenomenon of the tides, of the straits. In fishing and boating about the straits the writer has often been puzzled by what he took for currents from Lake Michigan, as it empties into Lake Huron. But observation and experience showed him that the currents, as he thought them, as often tended toward Lake Michigan, as from it. Marquette had noticed this long ago and in one of his reports to his superiors he refers to it and offers

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an explanation, which we believe a true explanation for this singular phenomenon, the tides of the Great Lakes. He made long journeys by canoe from Mission St. Ignace ; going as far as Mission Sault Ste. Marie on one occasion a canoe trip of over one hundred and fifty miles, or if you count the shore paddling—for a canoist of those days, did not venture to the open lake, any more than a canoist of our time—it must have been near to three hundred miles.

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MISSION ST. IGNACE, or rather we had better say, the site of Mission St. Ignace, is situated nearly at the middle of the shore line of Moran Bay. As has been noted, across the mainland, which is a narrow tongue of land that forms the extreme southern point of the upper peninsula of Michigan there is another bay of the same name in Lake Michigan. One is designated great Moran Bay—the one of Lake Huron—and the other little Moran Bay. We have asked a hundred times, of as many different persons, whence these bays derived their

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names, but have failed to obtain any information. No one either at St. Ignace or Mackinac Island could give the least information on the subject. Marquette's own map, though it very accurately shows the bay in Lake Huron, does not name it, but where the bay is shown on the map, we find the words "Mission de St. Ignace," and the Lake is designated as "Lac des Hurons." On the same map Lake Superior is called, "Lac Tracy au Superieur," so named of course for intendant de Tracy. Tracy and Moran are surely Celtic enough to engage speculation, though the former name is French enough, as may be the latter. But, it is said, that wherever you find a white man you may find an Irish man. Anyhow one Moran has left his name



MORAN BAY.



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to a beautiful bay in Lake Huron and to one not quite so beautiful in Lake Michigan, and on the former is Mission St. Ignace. Likely enough—and let some one with the facts contradict us—amongst those early fur traders—and perhaps in Marquette's own time—for names early given, cling longest, was a native of the Emerald Isle, who bore the name of Moran and who was distinguished enough to leave it to this beautiful bay. We have met Indians around these regions, half-breeds, of course, though perfect types of Indians with features, form, habits and skin color of Indians, who bear Celtic names which would seem to prove that very early there was inter-marriage between the Celtic traders, as there was with the French traders and Indian women.

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When Marquette made his trip from Mission St. Ignace to Mission Sault de Ste. Marie he had the good fortune to meet Joliet there, who was returning to Quebec from an expedition. To discover and explore the great river, imperfect knowledge of which they had from wandering Indian tribes, was in the minds and ambition of all the explorers of the day. Joliet and Marquette in particular, were anxious to undertake the expedition. Doubtless, therefore, when they met at Mission Sault de Marie, this great venture was the theme of their conversation; nor were these two great men chance acquaintances, though chance brought them together on this occasion at the mission post at the outlet of Lake Superior. Events were hastening the

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consummation of their heart's desire. They had been companions and friends in Canada ; Providence was to make them companions in that great voyage to the Mississippi. Marquette, his business transacted, had returned to Mission St. Ignace ; Joliet had gone on to Quebec to report to the French authorities. December 8th,—auspicious day,—the Feast of Mary Immaculate, 1672, marked Joliet's arrival at Mission St. Ignace, bearing a commission for himself from the Governor of New France, and one for Marquette from his superiors to undertake the voyage of discovery and claim the one for the kingdom of France, the other for the kingdom of God—all the adjacent lands and the great water-way itself.

## VII.

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ON May 17th, 1673. Marquette and Joliet with five Frenchmen, as canoeists, voyagers they were called, in two birch-bark canoes, started on the ever memorable journey of exploration. The time of preparation had been short for so long and hazardous an undertaking. Father Pierson, Marquette's successor, had arrived and the mission had been handed over to him, and so when the ice had gone out of the straits, the expedition set forth. Those two canoes, besides carrying seven men had to carry guns, clothing, food, robes,

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books and scientific instruments, though likely the books were limited to the priest's breviary and note-books, and the instruments a compass or two and a sun-dial.

Compare this expedition in its outfit, with an expedition of to-day of equal import and duration. The modern one would be made in an ocean-going steam yacht, accompanied by a government war ship. There would be surveyors and astronomers and botanists and geologists and newspaper representatives and magazine writers, perhaps a chaplain but as likely enough not, a battalion of servants, not omitting some first rate chef, with helpers half a score. There would be officers from both army and navy with their contingent of soldiers and marines. There would be

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representatives of foreign countries, in all, perhaps, some hundred people and two modern steam-ships with steam propelling-tenders stored away on their decks. Marquette and Joliet set out in two birch-bark canoes with seven men all told, to make up the personal of the expedition. Something of a contrast surely, yet an expedition of 1902 hardly would have exceeded, in results obtained, the expedition of 1673. The two explorers had knowledge of the existence of the great river, but a knowledge that was vague, uncertain and unreliable. It seems quite certain that white men had seen the river and noted it, long before our explorer's canoes floated down on its waters. Marquette undoubtedly had information about the river, but such as wan-

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dering Illinois Indians, whose language he had acquired at Mission La Pointe, could give him or such as he had gleaned from voyagers and fur traders who came and went among the mission camps. But he knew the great river was there to the south, he had learned of a vast and fertile country teaming with people, superior, if reports were true, to the Indians of the north. To him it was an empire for conquest, but a conquest for God and eternal salvation of souls made to His image and likeness. Joliet knew of the great river too, but his knowledge was no more accurate than Marquette's. We doubt if he knew as much. He was the government's accredited agent, to be sure, but his government had only vague and unreliable reports to furnish

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him. He was not without experience as an explorer. In this he exceeded Marquette. He, too, had heard of a vast region to the south of the Great Lakes and his was a dream of empire, of conquest for France. But Marquette's gentle piety, his enduring zeal for the salvation of the souls of the Indian people, must have inspired Joliet with a desire of conquest for God, through France's aid. They were brave men, those two, they were good men both. They loved God and they loved France, and they strove for God and Fatherland.

## VIII

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It is aside from our purpose to go into any detail, of the wonderful journey of these intrepid explorers in their search for the great river. More than to note the stages of the voyage out and the return is not our aim. Their first halting place was Green Bay, or rather at Mission St. Francois Xavier at De Pere—to which mission Marquette had been transferred on leaving Mission St. Ignace in order that he might have his headquarters nearer to the scenes of his labors. From De Pere they pushed on through the Fox River

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to Lake Winnebago, in which vicinity they made their second halt, remaining three days at an Indian village of the Mascouten. This region, Lake Winnebago, marked the extreme limit of exploration, of fur traders, missionary, or voyagers.

Here they parleyed with the Indians, seeking information and guides. Marquette has left an interesting account of this, their second halt, in his report describing the country, the people, and the lake, and river, and referring to the speech that Joliet made to the assembled tribes. Take your map, any ordinary good school atlas map will serve you, and trace the journey as we have indicated it. Begin at Point St. Ignace in Michigan, and run your pencil along the course of the lake shore to Green

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Bay, then along the Fox River to the end of Lake Winnebago in Wisconsin and you may form some idea of the trip. Better still, if you love the life "Au large" and have the leisure and can manage a canoe, and may find a companionable companion, make the trip from Moran Bay in Lake Huron at St. Ignace, to the city of Oskosh, Wisconsin. Be prepared of course for much "strenuous life," for many hardships, for much discomfort, for no little danger. But expect a world of pleasure and health, a world of beauty, of water and sky, and wood and river. It will not be the same scene that Marquette and Joliet looked on, for you will pass many towns and cities, great mills and factories, great steam-propelled boats laden with every conceivable

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merchandise, and beautiful pleasure boats of sail and steam. You will meet with people on every side, and now and then will pass a canoe. You will realize as you may realize in no other way the great achievement of Marquette and Joliet in going even so far as Lake Winnebago. It will not be the same scenes that engaged the attention of the two explorers, and yet it will be the same scenes—for there will be some days when no boat or human being may be met, only forests and streams, only the musical silence of deep woods, for the sounds of the forest only emphasize their silence, as all who have trod a blazed trail may know. You will hear only the splash of the water leaving your paddle, for your companion, let him be ever so loquacious, will be like

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yourself, awed into silence, by the silence of the forest. We make no doubt that the two canoes holding the seven men of that great journey, glided along many a time, for many a mile without a word being spoken, even when there was no fear of hostile Indians. In your canoe trip of to-day you may chance to meet some Indian fishermen on the lake, and a trapper on the river, for both are still there, strange and interesting derelicts of those years ago, when life was new on this continent and almost the whole of it a *terra incognita*. Better not start your voyage in May as did Marquette and Joliet. It will prove too cold and weather too blustery for even a hardened canoeist at so early a date. Take June for your month, and even then, about your chaf-

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ing dish wrap a blanket or two that may seem utterly needless. Finally unless you are a seasoned and experienced canoeist make not the trip at all ; for even at this day it requires a strong hand and a strong heart and a strong boat to make it; and an amateur had better read about it than undertake it.

## IX.

### FATHER MARQUETTE.

AT the Mascouten village the explorers had asked for guides and two Miami Indians had been assigned to them for the purpose. Entering the upper Fox, they ascended till their guides pointed out the place of portage and then crossing it, they entered the Wisconsin. Here the Miami left them, and they started once more on their long journey to the sea. Did ever men "who go down to the sea in ships" have their minds filled with deeper misgivings, with greater anticipation, with keener fear and ultimate hope, than the

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seven brave Frenchmen, who glided out into the waters of the Wisconsin that June morning in the year of 1673 ?

They were sure now of success in finding the Mississippi, barring accident or death. They were not entirely sure how long it would take them to reach the river, but they could fairly well calculate the time from what they had learned at the Mascouten village. They had left Mission St. Ignace May 17th, and it was now June 10th. Seven days of paddling down the swift Wisconsin and they emerged on the mighty river in search of which they had come ; and Marquette wrote that he looked on those swift running waters with a “joy that I cannot express.” Back through the Wisconsin, and the Fox, and Lake Winnebago and the lower Fox—back

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along the shores of Green Bay and Lake Michigan—Lac Des Illinois—through the straits to Lake Huron—back through St. Mary's River to the "Soo"—to Mission Sault de St. Marie through the lakes and swamps by the shorter route to Mission La Pointe on Lake Superior seemed a long, long way and a long, long time to the place and date, when Marquette first talked to the Indians of a band of Illinois, of the river he had come in search of, and which he and Joliet had now at last discovered. What in that far north mission camp was only a day-dream had here at the mouth of the Wisconsin on June 17th, 1673, become a realization. Memorable day indeed ! An event forever memorable in the annals of our history. But for these

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men who had gone down to the sea in ships—two birch-bark canoes—had they been able to realize it, the journey had not yet ended—for indeed it had only began. What hardships they had endured, what difficulties surmounted, what dangers overcome in the pleasant waters of the Great Lakes and the smaller rivers, were as nothing, to the hardships and difficulties and dangers yet before them. Hostile Indians, a more hostile foe, the fever of the low river, barred their way. Canoeing, in the rush of this débris-laden river was far more difficult. Death was in the stream and death was on the shore; but, they faltered not—for they joyously began their descent and kept on till they came to the mouth of the Arkansas. Here they halted for con-

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sultation. Believing that they were within two or three days of the sea, convinced that the object of their undertaking had been fully accomplished, they turned back northward on July 17th, 1673. If they had brave hearts in coming down the river, they had need of braver hearts for their return. They were spent with labor and the long strain of excitement.

The noble Marquette was spent too with disease—for sickness had come upon him ; but, what cared he ? His work had been accomplished. Had he not given his all “ *Ad Majorem Dei Gloriam,*” mind and body ?

## X.

### FATHER MARQUETTE.

THE explorers had come up the Mississippi as far as the mouth of the Illinois. They had learned either on the downward or upward trip, that there was a shorter route to the Great Lakes by way of the Illinois, and so they entered this stream glad, we have no doubt, to get into safer and quieter waters. The waters of the Illinois, of course, could not afford them direct passage to Lake Michigan. From some point, on its course, they went by portage, across to either the Chicago River or to the Desplaines. Likely, they took

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the former water-way, for we know that later on, it became the usual route to those seeking the Great Lakes from the Mississippi. Once in the lakes their canoes were headed direct for the portage, at Sturgeon Bay, where by a carry they saved many miles of paddling, and at last floated their canoes on the more familiar waters of Green Bay. Their destination was Mission St. François Xavier. We can well imagine that their paddles were given a longer sweep as they urged their canoes on, for the end of the journey meant rest and the meeting of friends. They were very tired too, with a tire that comes from mind strain, as well as from bodily fatigue. Out from the waters of the bay, they urged their canoes again into the Fox and at last after four months'

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of incessant toil, they reached Mission St. François Xavier. It must have been like a home-coming to them. It was a home-coming. Word had gone ahead, for even in those wilds, great news and small travelled fast. They had been seen here or there and so those at the Mission were in expectation. Very weary and far spent were those seven brave men as they stepped out on the banks of the river and were greeted by their friends, at this outermost mission at De Pere. It was now late in September, the time of stress and storm on the Great Lakes. Farther journeying was out of the question, both because of their exhausted condition and because of the lateness of the season. They sat down therefore to rest, to write their reports. Doubtless, many

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of the long winter nights were spent by Marquette and Joliet in pleasant converse about their voyage, their narrow escape from death, of the new countries they had seen, of many brave projects for the people of these new lands. Quietly, they passed the winter at De Pere, and theirs was the satisfaction of a great work, manfully and successfully accomplished. But they were not without occupation. Each set about writing his official report. Marquette's alone was preserved for us—for alas ! Joliet had the great misfortune to lose his, when in an accident in which he almost lost his life, his canoe was upset as he was returning and his papers lost. This was at La Chine Rapids in the Ottawa River near Montreal. Marquette's account with his wonderful

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maps—mind you—drawn at a mission camp from memory, and hastily gathered data taken down while in a canoe, on lake and river reached his superiors at Quebec. His report and the accompanying maps are of exceeding value and interest to historians, geographers and antiquarians.

## XI.

### FATHER MARQUETTE.

IN October, 1674, Marquette again started south to retrace his steps and to fulfil his promise to the Illinois, of visiting their country and evangelizing them. He had long been ill. The thirteen months he had spent at De Pere had but partially restored his shattered health. It was the evidence of the greatness of the man's soul, that having drawn his maps and given his report of the discovery of the Mississippi, and forwarded this precious document by the hands of faithful Indians, to his superiors at Quebec, he

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dismissed that great accomplishment from his mind, and quietly and humbly went about his Father's business, like his great Master. It was not that he was insensible or ignorant of the greatness and importance to France and the world, of the work he had accomplished. Let Joliet, his dear friend and companion, reap the temporal reward and fame of it, if such there was to be. He had done his part. Now, there was another and to him, far greater, and far more important work to which to put his hand. If the voyage of discovery had been undertaken, it was only that a way might be opened to the real work to which his life was consecrated. His work was to teach the savage of these wilds, of Christ and Christ crucified. Marquette was simply in his own heart

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and ambition, a Jesuit missionary. In a future age, there may be a calendar of American saints. First and most glorious among them will be Jacques Marquette, Indian missionary. The month of October was late to start on a canoe trip that would take him so far as he intended to go. None knew this better than Marquette—yet, his zeal urged him forth. He reached the Chicago River, which was frozen over and deep with ice, and here he was forced to spend the winter, stricken with the sickness that was at last to bring to him the Angel of Death. He arrived at the river, December 4th, having left Mission St. François at De Pere in October. The following March he began the mission work.

It is on record, how he labored, go-

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ing here and there among the Indians ; his gentle manners, his holy life, his eloquent words winning him the affection and esteem of the rude people to whom he ministered. Realizing that death was upon him, he turns reluctantly northward again. Through the maze of river and lake, over portage, and by new and strange routes they sought the lake—Marquette and his companions. At last, through the lake and river, now known as the Pere Marquette they gained the open lake. It was the end of his life's voyage. They could not go on because of the rough waters of the lake. More likely they could not go on, because Marquette was dying. They turned again and sought the quiet waters of the river and here on the bank where they had

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carried him, attended only by his two faithful voyagers—his great soul passed into the hands of God. It was Saturday, May 18th, 1675. The site where he died is near the city of Ludington, in Michigan. They buried him there on the banks of the river, erecting a large cross to mark the grave. -As soon as the storm-tossed lake was navigable his companions hastened on to Mission St. Ignace to give the word of his death, and on again to Quebec to bring the same sad news.

## XII.

### FATHER MARQUETTE.

THE authoritative source of information regarding the life of Marquette is, of course, the Jesuit Relations. Here, briefly, is what the Relation set forth concerning the burial of Marquette at St. Ignace—Mission St. Ignace in the year 1676, In the winter following the death and burial of Marquette, on the banks of the Marquette River, near the shores of Lake Michigan, the Ottawas had gone south to fish and hunt as was their custom. The name Ottawas indicates all the tribes to whom the Jesuits of the lake region ministered.

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Among these Indians were some Kis-kakons to whom Marquette had ministered and whom he had instructed and baptized. In the spring, on their way north they sought the grave of the missionary, marked by the large cross which his two voyagers who had buried him had erected. Opening the grave they took out the body and reverently prepared it for a new burial after the Indian fashion. The bones were cleansed of all flesh and wrapped in aromatic grasses, a coffin of birch-bark had been made and in it were placed the bones. When all had been prepared, the coffin was placed in a canoe and the funeral procession started north to Mission St. Ignace, two hundred and fifty miles away, where it arrived on June 8th. Father Nouvel and Father

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Pierson were then at Mission St. Ignace. It is to be supposed that they had been warned by runners of the approach of this singular funeral cortége—a procession of thirty canoes filled with sorrowing Indians, and bearing the bones of the gentle missionary in a birch-bark box. As the canoes turned into the bay—Moran Bay—the Fathers, with all the people of the mission went down to the shore to meet the funeral. Reverently, the remains were lifted up, the *De Profundis* intoned and they were carried in procession to the mission church, where they lay in state all that day, it being Whit Monday, June 8th., 1676. The following day—Tuesday, June 9th., the birch-box containing Marquette's bones was placed in a vault, which had been prepared in the

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middle of the church. We were inclined to think that the translators of the Relations have made a mistake in rendering the French word by the English equivalent "middle." The word centre would better have expressed what the Relation says, for doubtless the vault was in the centre of the church before the altar, and not in the middle of the church. And now comes a singular bit of historic fact to record. The church under which Marquette was buried was destroyed by fire in the year 1706. From that day till the year 1877 the burial place of Marquette, the site of the much-loved Mission of St. Ignace was unknown to men.\* In September 1877, Father

\* Note M. Alfred Hamy in his recent work on Father Marquette, "Au Mississippi" says of the

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Edward Jacker, then pastor of St. Ignace discovered the site of the church and the very grave of Marquette, and discovered also the very birch-bark box which held his ashes. We intend now to relate the facts which led up to this discovery.

burial place of Joliet: "Sa mort arriva en 1669, mais on en ignore la date. De même ses restes mortels n'ont pas été retrouvés.

## XIII.

### FATHER MARQUETTE.

IN the pleasant summer days of vacation time we have observed many hundreds of tourists visiting the little plot where stands the modest monument which the citizens of St. Ignace have erected to the memory of Marquette. We have conversed with many of them, eager for information about Father Marquette. Some few we have found well informed as to exact historic facts ; all without exception, full of profound respect and admiration, for all know of his discovery of the Mississippi and his burial here. More than half of those

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who make the pilgrimage from Mackinac Island to St. Ignace are non-Catholics.

In and about St. Ignace are the descendants of the great tribes to whom Marquette ministered. The Relations, in giving the account of the burial, says, "the savages often come to pray over his tomb." We are convinced that through all these years they have never ceased to follow this custom. The white man had lost a knowledge of the site of Marquette's grave; not so the Indian. At the time of Father Jacker's discovery, there was living at St. Ignace a very old Indian woman to whom appeal, we have been told, was made for confirmation of the truth of the discovery. For she had knowledge in common with all the older Indians,

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and which they kept secret, of the place. Where Marquette was buried. Be this as it may, we have many times observed an old Indian man, who knows not a word of English or French, come quietly up to the grave, remove his hat and stand in reverent posture, while his lips move in prayer. More than once we have attempted to engage him in conversation but without success. He speaks and understands only the Chippewa dialect. Those who live near the monument have told us that as long as they can remember they have seen this old Indian, summer and winter coming to pray at the grave of Father Marquette. So it seems to us, that the Indians, so secretive by their nature, and without motive to act otherwise, kept their knowledge to themselves,

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unknown to the rest of the world from 1706 to 1877. The place of Marquette's burial was known to them and from father to son, through these six or seven generations. They quietly have come to the grave-side of this holy Black-robe to pray. "The savages often come to pray over his tomb." We have seen at least one old savage, often praying at his tomb, during the summers of 1898-1902. Using the term "savages" reminds us that once, in northern New York, we came across a youngster, a lad of fifteen or sixteen years of age, as we were wandering through the woods, near the shores of Lake George. He was a fine specimen of the Indians. "Etes vous Francais?" we asked him. "Non Monsieur, Je suis un *sauvage*," he replied. Time

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had moved swiftly along since 1706. Marquette had taken his place in history. His name had been given to lake and river, and city and college. His dear savages had ceased to exist as a people. Pitiable remnants of the great tribes were scattered here and there. The forest had given place to the farm. Civilization had changed the whole face of those northern lands. The very place where stood Mission St. Ignace, and repose the ashes of the great Jesuit, was grown over with forest trees and brush and the spot was lost to memory and the knowledge of men.

## XIV.

### FATHER MARQUETTE.

THE ownership of the land on which had stood Mission St. Ignace, consisting of a log chapel, the mission house, the workshop and the birch-bark wigwams of the Indians, all of which had long since disappeared, may thus briefly be described. Prior to 1828 a portion of the land facing Moran Bay and extending to the water's edge was held on a squatter's claim by Francis La Pointe. This land constituted what a voyager or Hudson Bay employe would likely have called a plantation,

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or, as we would say, a small farm. Most of this land was covered with forest trees, only a small portion being cleared for cultivation. The portion extending from the ridge to the water front was entirely wooded over. This wooded portion had been the site of Mission St. Ignace, though no one was aware of it. In 1828 Francis La Pointe conveyed his squatter's claim to Michael Dousman to whom the United States Government issued a patent of ownership in 1830. In 1855, Michael Dousman conveyed the land to Talbot Dousman and in 1857, Talbot Dousman conveyed the land to the Murray family who owned it in 1877, the year in which Father Jacker made the discovery of Marquette's grave, the actual owner being Mr. Patrick Murray, who was

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indeed the actual discoverer of the grave. It came about in this way: —Mr. Murray being determined to add a large garden plot to his yard, began to clear away the trees and brushwood adjoining his home. When the work had been completed there appeared to his great astonishment the outlines of a building's foundation. Mr. Murray was a devout Catholic and knew the history of the region, and was fully cognizant of the traditions of St. Ignace concerning Marquette and the old Mission St. Ignace. Divining that he had struck on some relic of importance connected with the old mission, he sent for Father Jacker, and together, they made a careful investigation. Both being satisfied that they had actually discovered the site of the old mission,

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Mr. Murray, at Father Jacker's request, left the clearing undisturbed till documents, and information could be obtained from Montreal and elsewhere, to fully establish their surmise as a fact. Then was set on foot a systematic and scientific investigation, the outcome of which was to establish beyond a doubt the fact that they not only had discovered the site of the old Mission St. Ignace, but also Marquette's grave, the very box in which his bones had rested, portions of the bones themselves. In course of time all that was found of Marquette's remains save two portions of bone which belonged to an arm and which were given to Marquette College at Milwaukee, and are there lovingly and piously preserved by the Jesuit Fathers, was re-interred in the very

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grave from which they were taken and in the year 1882, the citizens of St. Ignace erected a modest monument to mark the spot.

## XV.

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MARQUETTE's latest biographer, Mr. Reuben Gold Thwaites, of the Historical Society of Wisconsin, gives but slight notice of the facts concerning the discovery of the grave. He seems not to have been aware of Dr. Gilmary Shea's valuable paper on the subject contributed some years ago to the Catholic World Magazine. Interesting and valuable as the charming narrative of Mr. Thwaites is, it contains one mistake, which we beg to point out. At page 229, he says:—"The little church of St. Ignace was destroyed by fire in

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1700."—Dr. Shea gives the date as 1706—"and for a century and three quarters all traces of the site and of Marquette's resting place were lost. But in September, 1877, Father Edward Jacker a learned missionary priest, then in charge of the parish of St. Ignace discovered the few mortal remains of his great predecessor—some small fragments of bones, together with scraps of the birch-bark in which the body had been encased by the Kiskakons, two centuries before. About a fourth of these relics are now exhibited in the Church of St. Ignace ; the others in the Jesuit College in Milwaukee, which bears his name." There are no relics of Marquette's now exhibited in the Church of St. Ignatius at St. Ignace. Besides the two pieces of bone that



Photograph of the oil painting of St. Ignatius over the high altar in the old church at St. Ignace. This is the painting which tradition says the Indians took for safe keeping from the Chapel of Mission de St. Ignace, Marquette's Chapel, and which they restored when the new log church, which is a part of the present church, was built in 1834.



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were given to the college authorities of Marquette College at Milwaukee, all that was found of the holy missionary's remains, is buried under the monument in the little park at St. Ignace on Moran Bay. Out of reverence and for safe keeping these relics of his precious remains were kept in the church until the reinterment. But what may be seen in the Church of St. Ignatius at St. Ignace is a beautiful gold chalice, very artistically chased, which tradition says was Marquette's own, also a fine large oil painting of St. Ignace said also to have been a part of the furnishing of the chapel of the old mission and a curious old crucifix. It is stated that the Indians had these sacred articles in hiding and when the new church was built at St. Ignace in 1834—a log

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church which is a part of the present church structure—they were produced and restored to the church. We have never been able to verify these traditions for facts. There is no record of them at the parish church, nor have letters written to Sault Ste. Marie and Montreal to the Jesuit authorities been productive of any information on the subject. We shall here reproduce a letter written to us by Mr. David E. Murray of St. Ignace, a son of Mr. Patrick Murray who first discovered the site of Mission St. Ignace, and reprint, with the kind permission of the editor of the Catholic World, a part of Dr. Shea's article on the discovery. Some day, we hope to see a monument befitting the greatness and sanctity of this noble missionary, replace the modest

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shaft that now marks his final resting place. There is a fund for this purpose amounting to some thousand of dollars in the hands of competent authorities.

## XVI.

### MR. MURRAY'S LETTER.

“THE finding the site of the chapel and burial-place of the great missionary and explorer, Marquette, after having been lost sight of for nearly two hundred years came about in the following manner. In May, 1877, my father, Patrick Murray, since deceased—was having cleared, for garden purposes, ground near his home. The ground was covered with closely growing balsam, spruce and juniper trees, such as cover the hills around the city to-day. When work had been completed it exposed to view the foundation of a 36×40 build-

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ing with narrower part facing the lake. This foundation of flat limestone, such as would be used in lining up a log building, stood up so distinctly from the ground around that it could not but command attention.

Outside of the line of the foundations, near the northwest and southwest corners were two heaps of stone evidently the ruins of two stone fire-places and chimneys. There had been no building on this ground, within memory of any living person; and trees that had stood there went to show that time had been long and the years many since any structure could have been there. My father, knowing from the history of this region that somewhere in St. Ignace had stood the mission chapel of the Jesuits and in which Mar-

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quette had been laid, when brought here from the east shore of Lake Michigan, by the Indians, in 1677, and further, the traditions among old French and Indians pointing to the head of the bay as the place (where, as they said, a great bishop was buried) decided not to disturb the ground until investigation could be made, believing that he had really struck the site of the old chapel. He immediately sent for Rev. E. Jacker, parish priest at this time, and an Indian Missionary as well. Father Jacker, convinced in belief that the site of the old mission which he and others had looked for had been found, requested that the ground be left as it was, until he could secure records relating to the mission, and if possible, a map of place showing location. These he secured

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later in the Relations and La Honton's Travels, records which went to show that it was the site of the old church even to the distance from the water and the two heaps of stone were the ruins of fire-places of living departments on N. W. corner, and work-shop on S. W. corner from the chapel. In the meantime we, living within a few feet of the site found crucifixes of various designs, beads, ring, etc., some of which we still have and some we gave away, at the time of the discovery. On what was the site of the work-shops in poking around in the ground we unearthed pieces of old iron, scraps of copper, etc., which went to still further show that it was the old mission. Also we found and still have the front face of a small lock and from the design of

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it and where it was found we conclude that it is part of the tabernacle lock. After all doubt had been removed as to its being the site of the mission from records, and the various finds around—the next thing in order was to find out if Marquette's remains still rested there, or were they moved when the Mission was abandoned in 1706 and that no account had been left of such removal. To determine this, in September, 1877, in the presence of a good part of the population of the village and many strangers from other points, search was started by excavation, within lines of what had been the chapel, beginning at a point in front of same, and where there was a slighter depression in ground, on the theory that a grave, in years, would become a depression.

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Work was carried on there, and all around, until the cellar in the west end was reached. There, when the débris had been removed, the level earth-floor of a cellar was found. Digging down a few feet below the level of the floor and in the west end of it, pieces of birch-bark were unearthed, and these pieces of bark were pulled from blackened sand. There came with them pieces of bones, which were what the crowd was looking for. A little further digging and the almost intact birch-bark bottom of the box, of which the pieces had evidently formed top and sides, was found. This bottom piece rested on three pieces of decayed cedar. These pieces of cedar still held their full form and outline, but broke up into small pieces, when picked up. The

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bottom bark was cemented into place by mortar, which was still intact—all this is in accordance with how Marquette had been buried, and Father Jacker, and those working with him, decided that they had found all that had not turned to dust of the Missionary. Darkness was coming on, work was concluded, Father Jacker taking charge of what had been found. The next day Joseph Marley, digging around in the west end of the cellar, where it had caved in on the previous evening, found more pieces of bones from a human frame, including pieces of skull-bone. These were taken to Father Jacker and kept with the rest. The bones found were disposed of by sending part of them to Marquette College, in Milwaukee, and placing the

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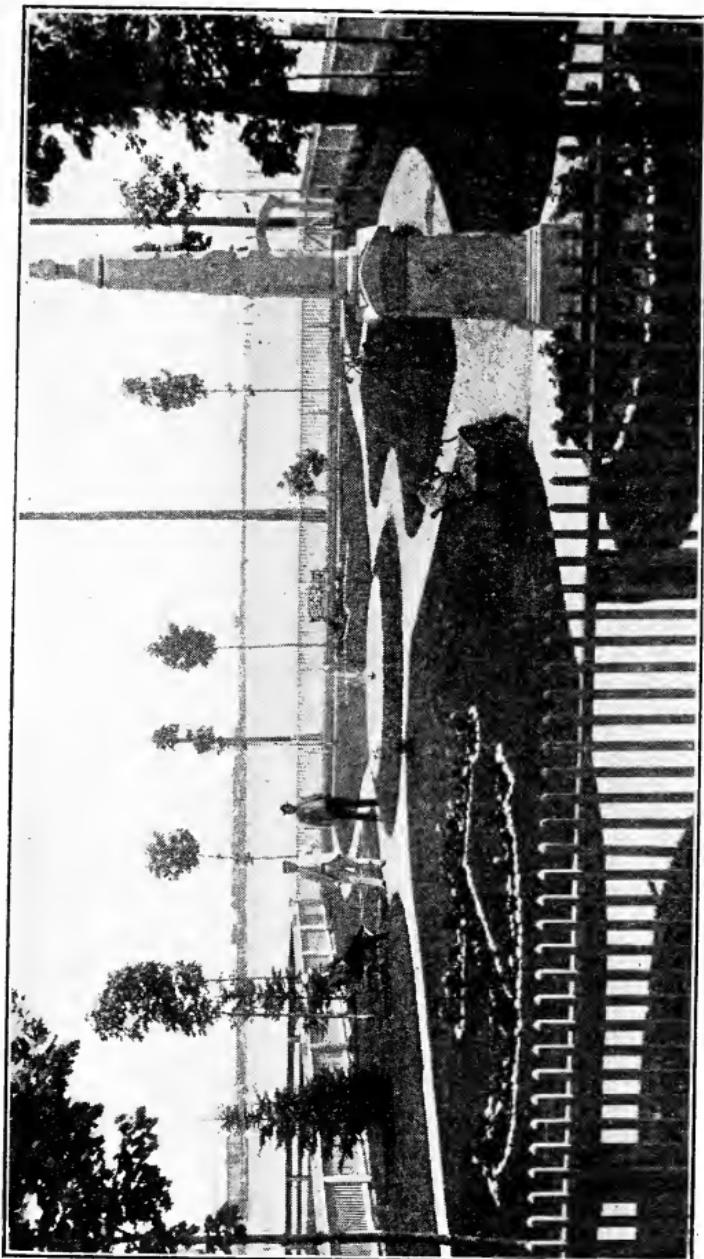
balance in a vault under a monument erected by the people of the town, in 1882, on the spot where the bones were found.

There exists no doubt in the mind of anyone who lived here at the time of the discovering of the site, that the various proofs as they came to light demonstrated that here was the resting place of the great missionary and explorer. The oldest Indian in the country, Joseph Nisatayp, comes to pray at the grave, and I think, because of the knowledge that exists with his people that, as they put it, a great Bishop was buried on this spot, and not because of the finding of an unknown grave.

The land on which the Mission chapel stood is one of the old French

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claims and in the possession of the Murrays since 1857, coming to them through purchase, from Talbot Dousman—coming to Talbot Dousman from Michael Dousman in 1855, to Michael Dousman from Francis La Pointe in 1828. Francis La Pointe had held it as squatter's claim prior to issue of patent by the U. S. Government in 1830. The chapel site was deeded to the Jesuit College in Detroit, in 1885, in order that the grave of Marquette might be controlled by the Order of which he was a member. In 1889, the city of St. Ignace purchased two lots adjoining the site and turned it into Marquette Park, which is kept up by the city. The old painting which is in the present church, has the tradition back of it, of having been here in an Indian



Marquette's grave and the monument erected by the City of St. Ignace in 1882. The water shown in the photograph is Moran Bay. The park is the Chapel site deeded to the Jesuit College in Detroit.



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family from the time the old mission was abandoned until 1834, when the present church was built. There is also a tradition or the statement of an old Indian woman, who died a few years ago, that in her childhood, a large cross had stood where the old mission site was found.

The old chalice, in the church, I know nothing of, except that it is very old and has always, as far as any person knows, been in the present church.

I have tried to learn why the bays are called East Moran and West Moran, and as far as I can learn, a man named Moran lived here at the time they were given their name. It was in the same way that Graham Point and Shoal got their names ; that is named after one of the early settlers, " Hudson Bay men."

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Mr. Murray's account of the finding of Marquette's grave is both valuable and interesting. Its value is all the greater for the fact that he has never seen Father Jacker's account, nor Dr. John Gilmary's Shea's article. He was a young lad at the time of the discovery and saw all that transpired in connection with the event, from the day his father cut down the trees to clear a space for a garden. He wrote the above account at our request. It is remarkable how wonderfully this account tallies with Father Jacker's, as given by Dr. Shea.

Father Jacker's narrative bears date of September, 1877—Mr. Murray's letter was written November 1902. It seems almost a copy of Father Jacker's account, yet Mr. Murray has never

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seen Father Jacker's account. Sitting on the veranda, of the Murray residence, and looking out across the little park where stands the monument that marks the grave of Marquette, we have more than once listened to the history of the discovery told us by Mr. Murray and other members of the family. They did not vary in the telling from the above written account.

## XVII.

From John Gilmary Shea's article, published in the Catholic World Magazine for November, 1877.

IT will be noted that Dr. Shea blunders in giving the name of David to Mr. Murray, who owned the farm on which was found Marquette's grave. His name was Patrick, not David.

“The remains of the pious missionary lay in the chapel undoubtedly as long as it subsisted. This, however, was not for many years. A new French post was begun in Detroit, in 1701, by La Motte Cadillac. The Hurons and Ottawas at Michillimackinac immediately emigrated and planted new villages near the rising town. Michilli-

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mackinac became deserted, except by scattered bands of Indians or white bush-lopers, as savage as the red men among whom they lived. The missionaries were in constant peril and unable to produce any fruit. They could not follow their old flocks to Detroit, as the commandant was strongly opposed to them and had a Recollect father as chaplain of the post. There was no alternative except to abandon Michillimackinac. The missionaries, not wishing the church to be profaned or become a resort of the lawless, set fire to their house and chapel in 1706, and returned to Quebec. The mission ground became once more a wilderness.

In this disheartening departure what became of the remains of Father Marquette? If the missionary bore them

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to Quebec as a precious deposit some entry of their reinterment would appear on the Canadian registers, which are extremely full and well preserved. Father Nouvel and Father Pierson, who received and interred them at the mission were both dead, and their successors might not recall the facts. The silence as to any removal, in Charlevoix and other writers, leads us to believe that the bones remained interred beneath the ruined church. Charlevoix, who notes as we have seen, their removal to Mackinac, and is correct on this point, was at Quebec College in 1706 when the missionaries came down, and could scarcely have forgotten the ceremony of reinterring the remains of Father Marquette, had it taken place at Quebec.

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Taking this as a fact, that the bones of the venerable missionary, buried in their bark box, were left there, the next question is: Where did the church stand?

A doubt at once arises. Three spots have borne the name of Michillimackinac: the island in the strait, Point St. Ignace on the shore to the north, and the extremity of the peninsula at the south. The Jesuit Relations as printed at the time, and those which remained in manuscript till they were printed in our time, Marquette's journal and letter, do not speak in such positive terms that we can decide whether it was on the island or the northern shore. Arguments have been deduced from them on either side of the question. On the map annexed to the Relations of 1671

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the words *Mission de St. Ignace* are on the mainland above, not on the island, and there is no cross or mark at the Island to make the name refer to it. On Marquette's own map the "St. Ignace" appears to refer to the northern shore, so that their testimony is in favor of that position.

The next work that treats of Michilimackinac is the Recollect Father Hennepin's first volume, *Description de la Louisiane*, published in 1688. In this (p. 59) he distinctly says: "Michillimackinac is a point of land at the entrance and north of the strait by which Lake Dauphin (Michigan) empties into that of Orleans (Huron). He mentions the Huron village with its palisade on a great point of land opposite Michillimackinac Island, and the Ottawas, and

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a chapel where he said Mass August 26, 1678. The map in Le Clercq's *Gaspesie*, dated 1691, shows the Jesuit Mission on the point north of the strait, and Father Membre in Le Clercq's *Establishment*, mentions it as in that position. In Hennepin's later work, the *Nouvel Decouverte, Utrecht*, 1697, he says (p. 134). "There are Indian villages in these two places. Those who are established at the point of land of Missillimackinac are Hurons, and the others, who are at five or six arpents beyond, are named the Outtauatz." He then as before, mentions saying Mass in the chapel at the Ottawas.

The Jesuit Relations of 1673-9 (pp. 58, 59) mentions the "house where we make our abode ordinarily, and where is the church of St. Ignat-

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tius, which serves for the Hurons," and mentions a small bark chapel three-quarters of a league distant and near the Ottawas. This latter chapel was evidently the one where Father Hennepin officiated in 1678 or, as he says elsewhere, 1679.

The relative positions of the Indian villages and the church thus indicated in Hennepin's account are fortunately laid down still more clearly on a small map of Michillimackinac found in *Nouveaux voyages de M. le Baron de La Hontan*, published at the Hague in 1703. Many of the statements in this work are preposterously false, and his map of his pretended Long River a pure invention, exciting caution as to any of his unsupported statements. But the map of the county around Michillimack-

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inac agrees with the Jesuit Relations and with Father Hennepin's account, and has all the appearance of having been copied from the work of some professed hydrographer, either one of the Jesuit fathers like Raffeix, whose maps are known, or Joliet, who was royal hydrographer of the colony. The whole map has a look of accuracy, the various soundings from the point to the Island being carefully given. On this the French village, the house of the Jesuits, the Huron village, that of the Ottawas, and the cultivated fields of the Indians are all laid down on the northern shore. In the text, dated in 1688, he says: each "The Hurons and the Ottawas have a village, separated from one another by a simple palisade. . . . The Jesuits have a small house, besides a

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kind of church, in an enclosure of palisades which separates them from the Huron village."

The publication a quarter of a century ago of the contemporaneous account of the death and burial of Father Marquette, the humble discoverer of a world, excited new interest as to his final resting-place. The West owed him a monument, and, though America gave his name to a city, the Pope ennobled it by making it a bishop's see, this was not enough to satisfy the yearnings of pious hearts, who grieved that his remains should lie forgotten and unknown. To some the lack of maps laying down the famous spots in the early Catholic missions has seemed strange; but the difficulty was very great. Every place required special

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study, and the random guesses of some writers have only created confusion, where truth is to be attained by close study of every ancient record and personal exploration of the ground. Michillimackinac is not the only one that has led to a long discussion and investigation.

Where was the chapel on the point ? A structure of wood consumed by fire a hundred and seventy years ago could scarcely be traced or identified. A forest had grown up around the spot which in Marquette's time was cleared and busy with human life. Twenty years ago this forest was in part cleared away, but nothing appeared to justify any hope of discovering the burial place of him who bore the standard of Mary conceived without sin down the Mis-

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sissippi Valley. One pioneer kept up his hope, renewed his prayers, and pushed his inquiries. The Rev. Edward Jacker, continuing in the nineteenth century the labors of Marquette ; missionary to the Catholic Indians and the pagan, a loving gatherer of all that related to the early heralds of the faith, tracing their footsteps, explaining much that was obscure, leading us to the very spot where Ménard labored and died—was to be rewarded at last.

A local tradition pointed to one spot as the site of an old church and the grave of a great priest, but nothing in the appearance of the ground seemed to justify it. Yet, hidden in a growth of low trees and bushes were preserved proofs that Indian tradition coincided with La Hontan's map and the Jesuit records.

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On the 5th day of May, 1877, the clearing of a piece of rising ground at a short distance from the beach, at the head of the little bay on the farm of Mr. David Murray, near the main road running through the town, laid bare the foundations of a church, in size about thirty-two by forty feet, and of two adjacent buildings. The Rev. Mr. Jacker was summoned to the spot. The limestone foundation walls of the building were evidently those of a church, there being no chimney, and it had been destroyed by fire, evidences of which existed on every side. The missionary's heart bounded with pious joy. Here was the spot where Father Marquette had so often offered the Holy Sacrifice ; here he offered to Mary Immaculate his voyage to explore the river

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he named in her honor; here his remains were received and, after a solemn requiem, interred.

But Father Jacker was a cautious antiquarian as well as a devoted priest. He compared the site with La Hontan's map. If these buildings were the Jesuit church and house, the French village was at the right; and there in fact could be traced the old cellars and log-house foundations. On the other side was the Huron village; the palisades can even now be traced. Farther back the map shows Indian fields. Strike into the fields and small timber, and you can even now see signs of rude Indian cultivation years ago, and many a relic tells of their occupancy.

The report of the discovery spread and was noticed in the papers. Many

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went to visit the spot, and ideas of great treasures began to prevail. The owner positively refused to allow any excavations to be made ; so there for a time the matter rested. All this gave time for study, and the conviction of scholars became positive that the old chapel site was actually found.

The next step towards the discovery of the remains of the venerable Father Marquette cannot be better told than by the Rev. Mr. Jacker himself :

“ Mr. David Murray, the owner of the ground in question, had for some time relented so far as to declare that if the chief pastor of the diocese upon his arrival here, should wish to have a search made, he would object no longer. Last Monday, then (September 3, 1877), Bishop Mrak, upon our request, dug

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out the first spadeful of ground. On account of some apparent depression near the centre of the ancient building, and mindful of Father Dablon's words, 'Il fut mis dans un petit caveau au milieu de l'église,' we began our search; but being soon convinced that no digging had ever been done there before, we advanced towards the nearest corner of the large cellar-like hollow to the left, throwing out all along, two or three feet of ground. On that whole line no trace of any former excavation could be discovered, the alternate layers of sand and gravel which generally underlie the soil in this neighborhood appearing undisturbed. Close to the ancient cellar-like excavation a decayed piece of a post, planted deeply in the ground, came to light. The bottom of

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that hollow itself furnish just the things that you would expect to meet with in the cellar of a building destroyed by fire, such as powdered charcoal mixed with the subsoil, spikes, nails, an iron hinge (perhaps a trap-door), pieces of timber—apparently of hewed planks and joists—partly burned and very much decayed. Nothing, however was found that would indicate the former existence of a tomb, vaulted or otherwise. Our hopes began to sink (the good Bishop had already stolen away), when, at the foot of the western slope of the ancient excavations fragments of mortar bearing the impress of wood and partly blackened, and a small piece of birch-bark, came to light. This was followed by numerous others, similar or larger, fragments of the latter substance, most

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of them more or less scorched or crisped by the heat, not by the immediate action of the fire ; a few only were just blackened, and on one side superficially burned. A case or box of birch-bark, (*une quaisse d'escorce de bouleau*) according to the Relations, once enclosed the remains of the great missionary. No wonder our hopes revived at the sight of that material. Next appeared a small leaf of white paper, which being quite moist, almost dissolved in my hands. We continued the search, more with our hands than with the spade. The sand in which those objects were embedded was considerably blackened—more so in fact than what should be expected, unless some digging was done here after the fire, and the hollow thus produced filled

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up with the blackened ground from above. Here and there we found small particles, generally globular, of a moist, friable substance, resembling pure lime or plaster-of-paris. None of the details of our search being unimportant, I should remark that the first pieces of birch-bark were met with at a depth of about three and a half feet from the present surface, and nearly on a level, I should judge, with the floor of the ancient excavation. For about a foot deeper down more of it was found, the pieces being scattered at different heights over an area of about two feet square or more. Finally a larger and well-preserved piece appeared, which once evidently formed the bottom of an Indian 'mawhawk' (wigwas—makak—birch-bark box), and rested

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on clean white gravel and sand. Some of our people, who are experts in this matter, declared that the bark was of unusual thickness, and that the box, or at least parts of it, had been double, such as the Indians sometimes, for the sake of greater durability, use for interments. A further examination disclosed the fact that it had been placed on three or four wooden sills decayed parts of which were extracted. All around the place once occupied by the box the ground seemed to be little disturbed, and the bottom piece lay considerably deeper than the other objects (nails, fragments of timber, a piece of glass jar or large bottle, a chisel, screws, etc.) discovered on what I conceived to have been the ancient bottom of the cellar. From these two

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circumstances it seemed evident that the birch-bark box had not (as would have been the case with an ordinary vessel containing corn, sugar, or the like) been placed on the floor, but sunk into the ground, and perhaps covered with a layer of mortar, many blackened fragments of which were turned out all around the space once occupied by it. But it was equally evident that this humble tomb—for such we took it to have been—had been disturbed, and the box broken into and parts of it torn out, after the material had been made brittle by the action of the fire. This would explain the absence of its former contents, which—what else could we think? were nothing less than Father Marquette's bones. We, indeed, found

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between the pieces of bark two small fragments, one black and hard, the other white and brittle, but of such a form that none of us could determine whether they were of the human frame."

"The evening being far advanced, we concluded that day's search, pondering over what may have become of the precious remains, which, we fondly believe, were once deposited in that modest tomb, just in front of what, according to custom, should have been the Blessed Virgin's altar. Had I been in Father Nouvel's place, it is there I would have buried the devout champion of Mary Immaculate. It is the same part of the church we chose nine years ago for Bishop Baraga's interment in the cathedral of Marquette.

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The suggestion of one of our half-breeds that it would be a matter of wonder if some Pagan Indians had not, after the departure of the missionaries, opened the grave and carried off the remains pour en faire de la medicine—that is, to use the great black-gown's bones for superstitious purposes—this suggestion appeared to me very probable. Hence, giving up the hope of finding anything more valuable, and awaiting the examination by an expert of the two doubtful fragments of bone, I carried them home (together with numerous fragments of the bark box) with a mixed feeling of joy and sadness. Shall this, then, be all that is all that is left us of the saintly missionary's mortal part?

“I must not forget to mention a

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touching little incident. It so happened that while we people at St. Ignace were at work, and just before the first piece of bark was brought to light, two young American travellers—apparently Protestants, and pilgrims, like hundreds of others all through the summer, to this memorable spot—came on shore, and having learned the object of the gathering with joyful surprise, congratulated themselves on having arrived at such a propitious moment. They took the liveliest interest in the progress of the search, lending their help, and being in fact to outward appearances, the most reverential of all present. ‘Do you realize,’ would one address the other with air of religious awe, ‘where we are standing? This is hallowed ground!’ Their

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bearing struck us all and greatly edified our simple people. They begged for, and joyfully carried off, some little memorials. Isn't it a natural thing, that veneration of relics we used to be so much blamed for?

“Some hundred and fifty or two hundred of our people witnessed the search, surrounding us in picturesque groups—many of them, though nearly white, being lineal descendants of the very Ottawas among whom Father Marquette labored in La Pointe du St. Esprit, and who witnessed his interment in this place two hundred years ago. The pure Indian element was represented only by one individual of the Ojibwa tribe.

“On Tuesday our children were con-

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firmed, and in the afternoon I had to escort the bishop over to Mackinac Island. Upon my return, yesterday evening, a young man of this place entered my room, with some little keepsake, taken out a few handfuls of ground at a little distance from where the box had lain, in the direction of what I presume to have been the Blessed Virgin's altar, and about the height of the ancient cellar floor. The result of his search was of such a character that he considered himself obliged to put me in possession of it. What was my astonishment when he displayed on my table a number of small fragments of bones, in size from an inch in length down to a mere scale, being in all thirty-six, and, to all appearances, human. Being alone, after

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nightfall, I washed the bones. The scene of two hundred years ago, when the Kiskakons, at the mouth of that distant river, were employed in the same work, rose up before my imagination, and though the mists of doubt were not entirely dispelled, I felt very much humbled that no more worthy hands should have to perform this office. So long had I wished—and, I candidly confess it, even prayed—for the discovery of Father Marquette's grave, and now that so many evidences concurred to establish the fact of its having been on the spot where we hoped to find it, I felt reluctant to believe it. The longer, however, I pondered over every circumstance connected with our search, the more I became convinced that we have found what we were desirous to

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discover. Let me briefly resume the train of evidence.

“ The local tradition as to the site of the grave, near the head of the little bay ; the size and the relative position of the ancient buildings, both in the French Village and the Jesuits’ establishments, plainly traceable by little elevated ridges, stone foundations, cellars, chimneys, and the traces of a stockade ; all this exactly tallying with La Hontan’s plan and description of 1688—so many concurring circumstances could hardly leave any doubt as to the site of the chapel in which Marquette’s remains were deposited.

“ The unwillingness of the proprietor to have the grave of a saintly priest disturbed proved very opportune, not to say providential. Within three or

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four months that elapsed since the first discovery many hundreds of persons from all parts of the country had the opportunity to examine the grounds, as yet untouched by the spade. We had time to weigh every argument pro and con. Among those visitors there were men of intelligence and historical learning. I will only mention Judge Walker, of Detroit, who has made the early history of our Northwest the subject of his particular study, and who went over the ground with the English edition of La Hontan in his hand. He, as well as every one else whose judgment was worth anything, pronounced in favor of our opinion. The balance stood so that the smallest additional weight of evidence would make it incline on the side of certainty as abso-

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lute as can be expected in a case like this.

“ The text of the Relation, it is true, would make us look for a vault, or small cellar (*ut petit caveau*) in the middle (*au milieu*) of the church. But if anything indicating the existence of a tomb in the hollow towards the left side and the rear part of the chapel were discovered, could we not construe those words as meaning within the church ? Besides, it must be remembered that Father Dablon, who left us the account, was not an eye-witness at the interment ; nor did he visit the mission after that event, at least up to the time of his writing.

“ We know, then, that Marquette’s remains were brought to the place in a birch-bark box and there is nothing to

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indicate that, previously to being interred, they were transferred into any other kind of receptacle. In that box they remained under the catafalco (sous sa representation) from Monday, June 8, to Tuesday 9, (1677), and in it, undoubtedly, they were deposited in a vault or little cellar, which may have previously been dug out for other purposes. The box was sunk into the ground on that side of the excavation which was nearest to the altar, or, at least, the statue of the Blessed Virgin, the most appropriate spot for the interment of the champion of Mary Immaculate. An inscription, on paper, indicating whose bones were contained in the box, might have been placed within it; of this the piece of white paper we found among the bark may be a frag-

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ment. The poor casket rested after the Indian fashion on wooden supports. It may have been covered with mortar and white lime or else a little vault constructed of wood and mortar may have been erected over it. When the building was fired, twenty-nine years after the interment, the burning floor together with pieces of timber from above fell on the tomb, broke the frail vault or mortar cover of the box, burned its top, and crisped its sides. Some of the pagan or apostate Indians remaining in that neighborhood after the transmigration of the Hurons and Ottawas to Detroit, though filled with veneration for the departed missionary (as their descendants remained through four or five generations) or rather for the very reason of their high regard for his

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priestly character and personal virtues, and of his reputation as a thaumaturgus, coveted his bones as a powerful medicine, and carried them off. In taking them out of the tomb they tore the brittle bark and scattered its fragments. The bones being first placed on the bottom of the cellar, behind the tomb, some small fragments became mixed up with the sand, mortar, and lime, and were left behind.

“Such seems to me the most natural explanation of the circumstances of the discovery. Had the missionaries themselves, before setting fire to the church, removed the remains of their saintly brother, they would have been careful about the least fragment ; none of them, at least, would have been found scattered outside of the box. That

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robbing of the grave by the Indians must have taken place within a few years after the departure of the missionaries, for had those precious remains been there when the mission was renewed (about 1708 ?), they would most certainly have been transferred to the new church in 'Old Mackinac ;' and had this been the case, Charlevoix, at his sojourn there in 1721, could hardly have failed to be taken to see the tomb and to mention the fact of the transfer in his journal or history.

"Our next object, if we were to be disappointed in finding the entire remains of the great missionary traveller, was to ascertain the fact of his having been interred on that particular spot, and in this I think, we have fully succeeded. Considering the high prob-

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ability—‘a priori,’ so to say—of the Indian’s taking possession of the bones, the finding of those few fragments under the circumstances described, seems to me, if not as satisfactory to our wishes, at least as good evidence for the fact in question, as if we had found every bone that is in the human body. Somebody—an adult person—was buried under the church; buried before the building was destroyed by fire; and buried under exceptional circumstances—the remains being placed in a birch-bark box, of much smaller size than an ordinary coffin—who else could it have been, but one whose burial, with all its details of time, place, manner, as recorded in most trustworthy records, answers all the circumstances of our discovery?

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“ September 7th.—Went again to the grave to-day, and, after searching a little while near the spot where the young man found the bones, I was rewarded with another small fragment apparently those of the skull, like two or three of those already found. Two Indian visitors, who have called in, since declared others to be the ribs of the hands, and of the thigh-bone. They also consider the robbing of the grave by their pagan ancestors as extremely probable. To prevent profanation and the carrying off of the loose ground in the empty grave, we covered the excavation with a temporary floor, awaiting contributions from outside—we are too poor ourselves for the purpose of erecting some kind of a tomb or mortuary chapel in which to pre-

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serve what remains of the perishable part of the ‘Guardian Angel of the Ottawa Missions.’

“I shall not send you this letter before having shown some of the bones to a physician, for which purpose I have to go outside.

“Sheboygan, Mich., Sept. 11.—M. Pommier, a good French surgeon, declared the fragments of bones to be bones undoubtedly human, and bearing the marks of fire.”

“The result is consoling, though not unmixed with pain. It is sad to think that the remains of so saintly priest, so devoted a missionary, so zealous an explorer should have been so heathenishly profaned by Indian medicine-men ; but the explanation has every appearance of probability. Had the Jesuit mis-

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sionaries removed the remains, they would have taken up the birch-box carefully, enclosing it, if necessary, in a case of wood. They would never have torn the birch-bark box rudely open, or taken the remains so carelessly as to leave fragments. All the circumstances show the haste of profane robbery. The box was torn asunder in haste, part of its contents secured, and the excavation hastily filled up.

“ The detailed account of the final interment of Father Marquette, the peculiarity of the bones being in a bark box, evidently of small size for convenient transportation, the fact that no other priest died at the mission who could have been similarly interred, leads irresistibly to the conclusion that Father Jacker is justified in regarding

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the remains found as portion of those committed to the earth two centuries ago.

“It is now for the Catholics of the United States to rear a monument there to enclose what time has spared us of the “Angel Guardian of the Ottawa Missions.”

**JOHN GILMARY SHEA.**

## XVIII.

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Not without great reluctance we here add a word to what has gone before to express a doubt concerning some conjectures put forth by John Gilmary Shea and Father Edward Jacker in regard to the destruction of the mission chapel and in regard to the desecration of Marquette's grave by hostile pagan Indians. First in regard to the destruction of the chapel. Shea's theory is that the Fathers themselves set fire to the chapel to save it from sacrilege. This does not seem to us at all probable.

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Surely they would not have done so without having first removed the remains of the sainted Marquette buried in the little vault beneath the floor. Dablon's high estimation of the sanctity and his veneration and admiration of the beautiful character of Marquette, was shared by all the Fathers of the mission. "The Angel Guardian of the Ottawa Missions," was how they designated him. The ease with which his sacred remains might have been removed, again leads us to doubt that the Fathers destroyed the church without having taken them away. They were not in a large or heavy coffin incased within a box. They were in a small birch box. The skeleton was not intact. The bones had been taken apart by the Indians

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when they prepared them for transportation from the shores of Lake Michigan. The box that was made to hold them was not large and might with ease have been lifted from the grave and taken to safety, had the Fathers themselves destroyed the church. And to our mind it seems beyond question that they would have removed the remains even in the face of great danger and urgent need for haste. It is plain, moreover, that Father Dablon regarded Marquette as a saint. Father Dablon's opinion was that of every Father of the Ottawa mission. They would not have left the remains of a saint to desecration any more than he would have left the sacred vessels of the altar to desecration. There are no documentary evidences that the Fathers

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of the mission destroyed the church, just as there are no documentary evidences that when the mission was abandoned Marquette's remains were left where they had been buried. Great stress is laid on the fact that no document of any kind has ever been discovered that record the fact that the Fathers had removed the remains, when they fired the church, and Shea's argument on this point is strong in favor of the conjecture that they never had been removed. It seemed to us that the very same arguments may be used to show that they themselves had not fired the church. Moreover, it appears to us that the very natural supposition to be made in regard to the matter, is that the church was destroyed by hostile pagan Indians.

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Now what are the actual facts that are of record in connection with the matter? I. A new fort had been built at Detroit. II. An Indian village had been established there where the Christian Indians had military protection. III. This mission was not in charge of the Jesuits, but of the Recollects. IV. The Commandant of the post at Detroit, La Motte Cadillac, was opposed to the Jesuits and this was known to the Indians, which weakened the influence and authority of the Father. V. The Christian Indians had abandoned Mission St. Ignace for the new Mission at Detroit. VI. The lives of the Fathers were in danger at Mission St. Ignace. VII. The pagan Indians were hostile.

This is all. Here conjecture begins,

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and Shea conjectures that the Fathers themselves fired the church to save it from desecration, leaving the remains of Marquette beneath the ruins. It does not seem to us at all probable. The likelihood of the matter seems to be this. Their lives being in danger, the Fathers had gone north to the Sault, or Quebec or Montreal for consultation and if possible to obtain aid, leaving the mission in charge of such Christian Indians as still remained there. During their absence there was an outbreak of the pagan savages, and it was then that the church was destroyed.

The Fathers learning that this had taken place and the post having become more dangerous, so that to return would have been needlessly to have risked their lives without good

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coming of it, they abandoned the mission altogether. If there be any truth in the tradition that the oil painting now in the church of St. Ignace and the chalice which is there, are relics saved from the old mission by the Christian Indians at the time of its destruction and sacredly preserved by them from generation to generation, and at last restored to the church in 1834, then our conjecture seems the more probable.

The Fathers were absent. After the destruction of the mission they dared not return. So Marquette's remains were left where they were found in 1877—beneath the ashes of the burnt chapel.

## XIX.

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Now in regard to the desecration of Marquette's grave by pagan Indians after the chapel had been destroyed, Father Jacker's conjecture that the grave had been so desecrated came from a remark made by a bystander, an Indian half-breed at the time of the excavation and search. What they found in the grave was not in one place but scattered about.

So the half-breed suggests that perhaps the pagan Indian, some medicine-man of the tribe, had broken open the grave and extracted some of the bones

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of Marquette “pour en faire de la medicine”—to work magic with. From conversations with some of those who were present at the time search was made, and who took part in it, we are constrained to believe that what ever separation of the remains there was, was due to the manner in which the excavating was done. Too many had part in it and there was not a systematic uncovering of the entire church site. Digging was done here and there.

The result was what might have been expected, confusion and disorder in the work. Nor was Father Jacker always present, while the work was going on. Two of the best preserved parts of bones, parts that were examined and pronounced to be of an adult person, were found by one Joseph Marley, in

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Father Jacker's absence. Rumors were afloat that treasures were also buried there, and so the idle, the curious, and the greedy were anxious to dig, in order that, if possible, they might unearth something to their personal gain. In spite of the vigilance of Mr. Murray, the owner of the site, digging was going on all the time. Even children were engaged in poking about the dirt with sticks, and we have seen one of the curious rings, a number of which were found at the time, that a child picked up while poking about through the loosened earth. If the birch-box, or its outlines was not found intact and undisturbed, just as the place where it had rested and the cedar beams on which it had laid were found in tact, it was because sufficient care had not been

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exercised and there was too much haste and anxiety to reach the bones themselves. They forgot, in their earnest search, that two hundred years had passed since the holy missionary's remains were placed in that spot, and that the ravages of time had turned most of those sacred relics into dust. Father Jacker had but scant encouragement in his research. Many scouted the idea that Marquette's burial place had been discovered. Nor would there have been a crowd of more than two hundred as there was, to witness the first digging, had it not been spread abroad that there a treasure was to be unearthed. But, after all, it was well that such a rumor had gone forth, for it added to the crowd many witnesses, who were not Catholics, and who also

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attested to the facts as Father Jacker and Dr. Shea have set them forth. But there was not sufficient evidence to conjecture that the grave had been desecrated and a part of its contents taken out. We humbly submit the opinion, that the grave had never been disturbed, till the spade of Father Jacker and his co-laborers dug into the soil in September, 1877. A careful study of Father Jacker's account, as given by Dr. Shea, and our information obtained from persons who took part in the search, convince us that the grave had never been disturbed.

## XX.

### FATHER MARQUETTE.

No reasonable doubt may be entertained that the monument at St. Ignace marks the place of the grave of the great missionary and that beneath it repose his sacred ashes. When we read Father Dablon's account of him, an account all too meagre, we are filled with admiration for his beautiful and heroic character, for his exalted and heroic sanctity—when we reflect on the voyage he made and the discovery of the Mississippi, the difficulties, the dangers, the hardships of it all, the vast scope of it and the results to the

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civilization of this country, we wonder with astonishment that he was so long in being accorded his place in history. The fact is, we are not able to realize what the voyage was. Statistics but feebly help us to do so. Here is an outline of the extent of the voyage made by General Wood, Inspector General of the United States army:—

From Green Bay up Fox River to Portage.....	175 miles.
From the Portage, down the Wisconsin to the Mississippi.....	175 miles.
From the mouth of the Wisconsin, to the mouth of the Arkansas.....	1087 miles.
From the Arkansas to the Illinois River.....	547 miles.
From the Illinois River to Chicago...	305 miles.
From Chicago to Green Bay, by the lake shore.....	260 miles.
<hr/>	
Total.....	2549 miles.

It will be noted that General Wood in this estimate of distance covered by

## FATHER MARQUETTE.

the famous voyage omits the distance from St. Ignace to Green Bay—which will add another hundred miles or more. John Gilmary Shea in his “Discovery and exploration of the Mississippi valley” estimates the distance travelled from St. Ignace to Green Bay to have been 218. Father Dablon in giving the account of his burial on the banks of the river where he died says: “God did not permit so precious a deposit to remain unhonored and forgotten amid the forests.” . . . “He gave them”—(the Kiskakon Indians) “the thought of taking his bones and conveying them to our church at the mission of St. Ignace at Michillimackinac.” Nor did God permit so precious a deposit to remain unhonored and forgotten beneath the ruined mission

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church at Mission St. Ignace. In His own due time and through His own chosen agents He discovered to the world the place of burial and the "precious deposit." Ever since the discovery, year after year, all during the summer months, hundreds of pilgrims visit this sacred spot. There is no great fane to mark it. There is only a modest monument which a recent biographer calls untasteful. Nor is more needed. Art would not lend a single feature to this hallowed spot of ground. There before his grave is the Bay, and beyond the beautiful Huron. Around are the bluffs, covered as in Marquette's own time with cedars, and balsams, beech, and birch trees. There is the golden sunlight. There is the sweet-scented breeze from the pines of

## FATHER MARQUETTE.

the North. There is the fitting temple for the place of repose of this great lover of God's great world. So long as the Cross marks the sacred spot it is enough. Let his real monument be the admiration, the veneration, of every man who can discern worth, nobility of character, unselfishness, self-sacrifice, greatness of mind, unswerving devotion to duty, faith in God, His goodness and His mercy—for all these did noble Marquette exemplify in his short life.

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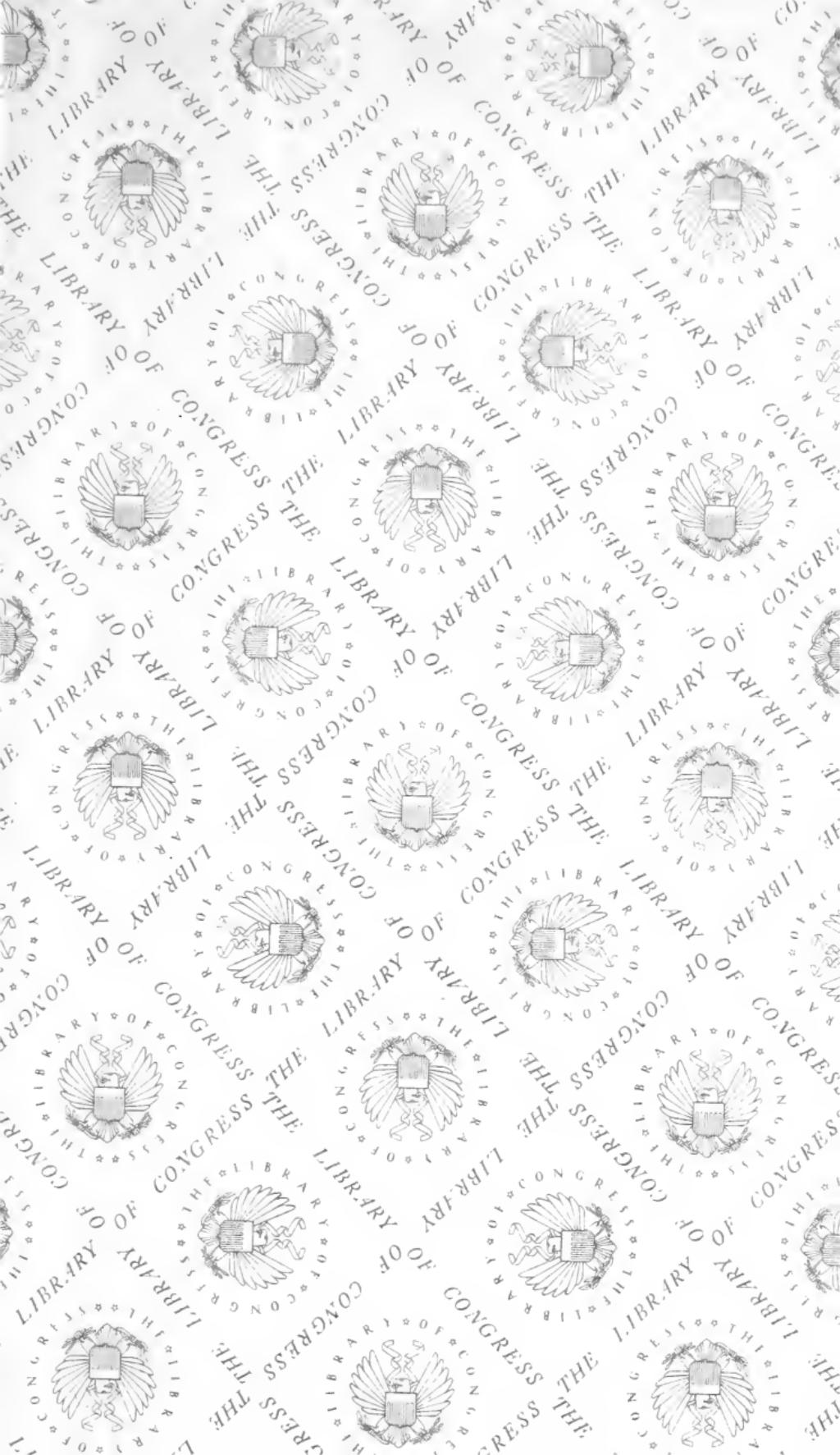
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